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HYMNAL:

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF

Christ Church Sunday School, St. Louis.

BY

General J. H. SIMPSON, Sup't.

ANTHONY MILTENBERGER, Jr., Ass't Sup't.

J. J. WILKINS, Organist and Chorister.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

W. R. P. STUDLEY CO., PRINTERS, 221 N. MAIN ST.

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PREFACE.

Several years' experience in the Sunday School work, and an acquaintance with many of the S. S. singing books edited and published under the auspices of the Church, have demonstrated to the compilers of this work their almost absolute failure to fill a want intensely felt by those S. S. workers who have been disposed to accord to vocal music the important place it must ever occupy in the labor of bringing the young to love the Church and her beautiful offices, and in the gathering in of those who—if the Church is to fulfill her divine mission—must be the churchmen and churchwomen of the future. We would not be understood as disposed to underrate the beauty and divine influences of the Chants, Canticles, and glorious Anthems, hallowed by the use of the ages, and revered by the Church Catholic in all times. We, in common with all good churchmen, have been comforted and strengthened in the Christian's warfare, and sanctified, we humbly trust, by their use. We recognize in them all that is high and ennobling, and pray that we may be successful in imparting to the young, placed under GOD in our care, a love for the hymns of the Confessors and Martyrs. But there is an inherent desire and love in the youthful mind for something of a sprightlier character than is found in Gregorian monotone, or in the heavy measure of "*Old Hundred*." As well might we attempt to instruct the youth in the higher mathematics without a preparatory course in the primaries, as to endeavor to *immediately* create a love for the beautiful but heavy and difficult harmonies of the mediæval Church. We hold that the doctrines of a visible Church; of the redeeming love of our Blessed Lord, of the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, can be more clearly taught to the youthful mind by a style of music adapted to the capacity of the scholar, and elevated as that capacity increases, than by the use of the more elaborate harmonies, howsoever beautiful they may be. Hence, in the compilation of this book reference

has been had, we think, to all known needs. Special attention has been given to commemorative verse of the Birth and Glorious Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour. In it may be found sweet words of comfort, hope, and consolation for the adult Christian and churchman, as well as glowing words of praise and worship for the use of the young. It has been compiled for, and is respectfully dedicated to, Christ Church Sunday School, St. Louis, in the hope and prayer that its use may redound to the glory of GOD, that all may come and "sing unto the LORD" "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

Gen. J. H. SIMPSON, *Sup't Christ Church S. S.*

ANTHONY MILTENBERGER, Jr., *Ass't Sup't.*

J. J. WILKINS, *Organist & Chorister.*

First Sunday in Advent, A. D. 1876.

HYMNAL.

Venite.

O come, let us sing unto the LORD; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God, and a Great King above all gods.

In His hand are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it; and His hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the LORD our Maker:

For He is the LORD our God, and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth, and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with His truth.

Gloria in Excelsis.

Glory be to GOD on high; and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for Thy great glory,

O LORD GOD, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord;

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Advent.

1

Watchman! Tell us of the Night.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 17.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace—
Lo, the Son of GOD is come!

2

Lo! He comes, in Clouds descending.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 18.

- 1 Lo! He comes, in clouds descending,
Once on earth for sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take Thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own.
Hallelujah!
Come and make Thy glory known.
- 4 Yet, with mingled hope and fearing,
Wait we still our Judge to see:
In the day of Thine appearing
Spotless, blameless, may we be!
Ever watching,
Teach us, Lord, to welcome Thee.

Christmas.

3

Hark! What mean those Holy Voices?

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 19.

- 1 Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,
 Joyous seraphim reply :
 "Glory in the highest! glory,
 Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found,
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
 Loud our grateful harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed!
 Heaven and earth His praises sing;
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, children, to adore Him,
 Learn His name to magnify,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!"

4

Carol, Carol, Christians.

{ Hollister,
 { Pt. I., p. 22.

- 1 Carol, carol, Christians,
 Carol joyfully!
 Carol for the coming
 Of Christ's Nativity;
 And pray a gladsome Christmas
 For all good Christian men;
 Carol, carol, Christians,
 For Christmas come again—Carol, carol.
 Carol, carol, Christians,
 Carol joyfully!
 Carol for the coming
 Of Christ's Nativity—Carol, carol.
- 2 Go ye to the forest
 Where the myrtles grow.
 Where the pine and laurel
 Bend beneath the snow:
 Gather them for Jesus,
 Wreath them for His shrine,
 Make His temple glorious
 With the box and pine.—Carol, carol. &c.

- 3 Wreath your Christmas garland
 Where to Christ we pray;
 It shall smell like Carmel
 On our festal day:
 Libanus and Sharon
 Shall not greener be,
 Than our holy chancel
 On Christ's Nativity.—Carol, carol, &c.
- 4 Carol, carol, Christians!
 Like the Magi, now,
 Ye must lade your caskets
 With a grateful vow:
 Ye must have sweet incense,
 Myrrh, and finest gold,
 At our Christmas altar
 Humbly to unfold.—Carol, carol, &c.
- 5 Blow, blow up the trumpet
 For our solemn feast;
 Gird thine armor, Christian;
 Wear thy surplice, priest:
 Go ye to the altar,
 Pray, with fervor pray,
 For Jesus' second coming,
 And the Latter day.—Carol, carol, &c.
- 6 Give us grace, O Saviour,
 To put off, in might,
 Deeds and dreams of darkness
 For the robes of light!
 And to live as lowly
 As Thyself with men;
 So to rise in glory
 When Thou com'st again.—Carol, carol, &c.

5

While Shepherds Watched.

{ Hollister,
 { Pt. I., p. 25.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the LORD came down,
 And glory shone around.

CHRISTMAS.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled minds;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the LORD;
 And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to GOD on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease."

6

Bright and Joyful is the Morn.

{ Hollister,
 Pt. I., p. 26.

- 1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born:
 From the highest realms of Heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On His vesture and His thigh
 Names most awful—names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
 Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
 Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
 King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

- 4 Come and worship at His feet;
Yield to Him the homage meet—
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to GOD alone.

7

Silent Night! Holy Night!

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 34.

- 1 Silent night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

- 2 Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia!
CHRIST THE SAVIOUR is born!

- 3 Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!

8

How precious is the Story.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 36.

- 1 How precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
And came to dwell on earth!
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt, and sin, and shame;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

- 2 He came to Earth from Heaven
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.

His kindness and compassion
 To children then were shown;
 The heirs of His salvation,
 He claimed them for His own.

3 Oh! may I love this Saviour,
 So good, so kind, so mild!
 And may I find His favor,
 A young though sinful child.
 And in His blissful heaven
 May I at last appear,
 With all my sins forgiven,
 To know and praise Him there.

9

Hark! the Herald Angels sing.

{ Hollister,
 Pt. I., p. 37.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ by highest heaven adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the virgin's womb!

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail th' incarnate Deity,
 Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,
 Jesus, now Emanuel!

5 Risen with healing in His wings,
 Light and life to all He brings;
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

10

Ring, merry, merry Bells.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 17.

1 Ring, merry, merry bells!
The Christmas morn!
Ring out a joyous peal!
The Saviour comes,
The Christ is born;
He comes to save and heal.

2 Ring, merry, merry bells,
O'er all the land,
By hall and cottage fires;
Let every home
And household band
Hear music from your spires.

3 Ring, merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous truth, at last,
By ancient king
And kingly seer,
So longed for, ages past!

4 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day,
In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way!

5 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing, down;
For by His cross
We gain the road
To our eternal crown.

6 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Your carols pour,
Nor let your gladness cease:
The Wonderful!
The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

11

Hark, hark! the sweet, sweet Chiming.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 18.

1 Hark, hark! the sweet, sweet
chiming
Of merry Christmas bells!
Their low, melodious hymning
A wondrous story tells!
Beneath the stars that glisten
O'er distant Syrian plains,
The watching shepherds listen
To clear, angelic strains.

2 "To God the highest glory!"
While heavenly arches ring,
Responsive to the story
That Gabriel doth sing:
The "peace on earth" whose blessing
Shall bring "good-will to men;"
And, in His name progressing,
Shall fill the world again!

3 And where the dawn is streaking
The eastern sky afar,
They see the glory breaking
From off a new-born Star!
It shines above the manger
Wherein a Babe is born,
And for that Infant Stranger
Archangels hail the morn!

4 No kingly crown awaits Him,
No robe of Tyrian dye,
But heavenly choirs His praises
Are sounding through the sky!
For Bethlehem's lowly manger
The King of kings contains!
And Glory! Glory! Glory!
The Lord of all He reigns!

12

Hail to the Morn.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 20.

- 1 Hail to the morn when Christ is born!
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Angels on high sing through the sky,
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Shepherds adore the Lamb to-day;
 Kings from the East are on their way;
 Sing, then, all in house and hall, (Repeat)
 Hosanna, hosanna!
 Christ is born on Christmas-morn,
 Hosanna in the highest!
- 2 Cedar and pine now cheerily twine;
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Crown every scene with evergreen;
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Now is the reign of darkness o'er;
 Jesus is King for evermore. Sing, then, all, &c.
- 3 Boughs of the holly this day adorn;
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Sharp are the leaves as crowns of thorn;
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 See in the berries, all blood-red, [&c.
 Blood that for us this Babe shall shed.—Sing, then, all,
- 4 Laurel and bay bring forth to-day;
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Matchless His might in deadly fight;
 Hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
 Hail to the Child Immanuel!
 Conqueror is He of death and hell. Sing, then, all, &c.

13

Christ was Born on Christmas-day.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 22.

Christ was born on Christmas-day;	He is born to set us free,
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay!	He is born our Lord to be,
Light and life and joy is He,	Carol, Christians, joyfully:
The Babe, the Son,	The God, the Lord,
The Holy One	By all adored
Of Mary.	For ever.

Let the bright red berries glow,
Everywhere, in goodly show:
Light and life and joy is He,
The Babe, the Son,
The Holy One Of Mary.

Christian men, rejoice and sing;
'Tis the birth-day of a King.
Carol, Christians, joyfully:
The God, the Lord,
By all adored For ever.

Night of sadness;
Morn of gladness,
Evermore— Ever—ever:

After many troubles sore,
Morn of gladness evermore and
evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early, Very early,
Christ was born.

Sing out with bliss,
His name is this:

EMMANUEL:
As was foretold, In days of old,
By Gabriel.

14

The Christmas Tree.

{ Hollister.
Pt. II., p. 24.

- 1 Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Ever green Have its branches been;
It is king of all the woodland scene:
For Christ our King is born to-day;
His reign shall never pass away.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest!
- 2 Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Once the pride Of the mountain side,
Now cut down to grace our Christmas-tide:
For Christ from heaven to earth came down
To gain, through death, a nobler crown.
Hosanna, &c.
- 3 Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Every bough Bears a burden now;
They are gifts of love for us, we trow:
For Christ is born His love to show,
And give good gifts to men below. Hosanna, &c.

3 Hark, hark to the angels
 All singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest
 All glory be given!"
 To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord;
 Oh, come ye, come hither
 To worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
 This day of Thy birth,
 Be glory and honor
 Through heaven and earth;
 True Godhead Incarnate!
 Omnipotent Word!
 Oh, come, let us hasten
 To worship the Lord!

17

St. Louis.{ Church Porch,
No. 43.

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem!
 How still we see thee lie;
 Above Thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in the dark streets shineth
 The Everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
 And, gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given;
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But, in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him, still
 The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray;

Cast out our sin and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel! AMEN.

18

Irby.{ Church Porch,
No. 45.

- 1 Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for his bed;
 Mary was that mother mild.
 Jesus Christ her little child.
- 2 He came down to earth from Heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall:
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He has gone.

- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable.
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high:
 When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white, shall wait around. AMEN.

19

Down from the Skies.{ Prize,
p. 34.

- 1 Down from the skies, bending low o'er the manger,
 White-robed celestials adoringly throng;
 Hark! for they herald a heavenly Stranger;
 Hasten, ye mortals, to join in their song.
 Little children lisp His grace,
 Youthful voices sound His praise;
 Men and angels, raise your loud
 Hosannas to His name!
 Oceans, with your fullness roar;
 Earth, resound from shore to shore
 Hallelujah to the Lamb!
- 2 Hail Him, ye shepherds; adore Him, ye sages;
 Ho! waiting Israel, still faithful, though few;
 Gentiles, oh, list to the voice of the ages,—
 Lo! a Deliv'rer is coming to you.
 Little children, &c.
- 3 Dark is the pathway before Him and dreary,
 Onward it leads to the cross and the grave;
 Cheerful He treads it, though fainting and weary:
 Thus, only thus, He His loved ones can save.
 Little children, &c.
- 4 Weep not, O stricken ones, when shall enfold Him
 All the deep darkness of Calvary's gloom;
 Soon, soon your tear-blinded eyes shall behold Him
 Walking, a God, from the gates of the tomb.
 Little children, &c.

In a Manger.{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 84.

- 1 In a manger laid so lowly,
Came the Prince of Peace to earth;
While a choir of angels holy
Sang to celebrate His birth.
 "Glory in the highest,"
 Sang the glad angelic train;
 "Glory in the highest,
 Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
- 2 As the wise men from far Persia
Brought rich gifts to Jewry's King,
Grateful love, a richer treasure,
Would we as our offering bring.
 "Glory in the highest,"
 Let us join th' angelic strain;
 "Glory in the highest,
 Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
- 3 Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh,
Deserts blossom as the rose;
And God's gracious rain descendeth
Where the coral island grows.
 "Glory in the highest,"
 Once more sing th' angelic strain;
 "Glory in the highest,
 Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

The Christmas Bells.{ Bright Jewels,
p. 122.

- 1 Ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
Chime out the wondrous story;
First in song on angel tongues,
It came from realms of glory:
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men"
 Angelic voices ringing,
Christ the Lord to earth has come,
His glorious message bringing.

Cho.—Ring the bells, the merry Christmas bells,
Chime out the wondrous story;
Glory be to God on high!
Forevermore be glory.

- 2 Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure,
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure:
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birth-place lowly;
There, within a manger, lay
The Babe so pure and holy. Ring the bells, &c.
- 3 Earthly crowns were not for Him,
He came God's love revealing;
On the cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing.
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthem raises. Ring the bells, &c.

22

Peace on Earth.

{ Pure Gold,
p. 100.

- 1 "Peace upon earth!" the angels sang
"Good-will unto men!" the chorus rang,
"Glory to God!" the Christ has come,
His bright star shines in the clear blue dome.
Refrain.—Joyously sing, joyously sing,
Joyously sing, joyously sing,
Shout hallelujah to Christ our King!
- 2 "Peace upon earth!" 'tis sounding still,
"Glory unto God, to men good-will!"
Bethlehem's song, 'tis caught from far,
And lifted up to that glowing star. Joyously sing, &c.
- 3 "Jesus has come!" it echoes wide,
Through valley and plain, on mountain side;

But not alone the angels sing,
For even children the anthem ring. Joyously sing, &c.

- 4 Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid
His hand with a blessing on their head:
Sweeter to him than angels' tones
Are songs that come from His little ones.—Joyously sing, &c.

23

Children, sing a Christmas Carol. { Royal Diadem,
p. 32.

1 Children, sing a Christmas Carol;
Sing how shining angels came.
Once in glorious white apparel,
Jesus' coming to proclaim;
How the distant hills resounded,
Echoing back th'angelic song!
How the shepherds were astounded
As the music rolled along!

2 Ah! no more the lowly manger
Pillows that dear sacred head;
Beams no more that starry stranger
That the Eastern sages led;

But we'll tell the pleasing story
To the aged and the young,
And we'll sing that "Glory!
Glory!"
That the herald angels sung.

3 Tho' no sudden light burst o'er us
Such as shone on Bethlehem's plain,
We can join the heavenly chorus,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Sing we then the glad hosanna,
Sing of Him who reigns above;
Praise to Jesus, for his banner
O'er the children waves in love.

24

Christmas Carol. { Royal Diadem,
p. 64.

1 Hall elujah! Hark! from above
Angels come on their wings of love;
Loud hosannas welcome the morn
Christ our Redeemer 's born.

CHORUS.

"Glory to God" the choral strain,
"Glory to God" the sweet refrain;
"Glory, glory, glory to God!"
Christ our Redeemer 's born.

2 Chiming, chiming, hark! 'tis the bells;
Joy to all now their music tells,
Floating onward, greeting the morn;
Christ our Redeemer 's born. *Ch.*

3 Hallelujah! joyful we sing.
While we praise our exalted King;
Let our carol welcome the morn;
Christ our Redeemer 's born. *Ch.*

25

Clap your Hands.

{ Royal Diadem,
p. 118.

1 Where the youthful son of Jesse
Touched the harp with silver
strains, [ed
While the peaceful flock he tend-
Grazed upon the fertile plains;
Where he listened to the murmur
Of the brooklet soft and low,—
Came the blessed infant Saviour,
Eighteen hundred years ago.
[ber,
2* All the world was lock'd in slum-
Calm and still the dewy night,
Every star in shining armor
Keeping watch on lofty height.

Then a sudden burst of music!
Thro' the air it rolled along;
Multitudes of shining angels
Woke the earth with heavenly
[song.
3 Thro' the line of distant ages,
Swifter than the march of time,
Like a river sweeping onward,
Comes the mighty strain sub-
lime: [viour!
Great Immanuel, Prince and Sa-
Pure and spotless, undefiled;
In thy birth, O King of Glory,
God to man is reconciled.

26

Christmas Anthem.

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 216.

1 Lo! descending, the heavens
rending,
Messengers from God to men;
Angels winging, tidings bringing,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Come with gladness, and banish
sadness;
Children, sweetly tune your voices;
Sing aloud while heaven rejoices:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
"Peace on earth, good-will to
men."
Lift aloud a lofty strain,
God is reconciled to man;
Glory to our Saviour King, [ring.
Heaven and earth with glory
Praise Him, praise Him,
The Lord Jehovah praise!
Praise Him, praise Him,
The Lord Jehovah praise!
Hosanna, hosanna!

2 Dearest Saviour, grant thy favor
While in these thy courts we
stay;
Thy rich blessing on us resting
On this happy festive day:
Bells are ringing, and birds are
singing,
Woods and fields their tribute
bringing,
Back the hills the echoes ringing.
Let our voices swell the chorus
In a grateful song of praise;
Joyful come before Him now,
Humbly in His presence bow;
Now to him our tribute bring,
Lord of lords and King of kings.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Ye grateful children, praise!
Praise Him, praise Him,
Ye grateful children, praise!
Hosanna, hosanna!

27

Ring, merry Bells.{ Songs of Salvation,
p. 127.

- 1 Morning star, in splendor shining,
Glad we hail thee on thy way;
While we chant with happy voices,
Christ the Lord is born to-day. Ring, merry bells; ring, merry bells;
Sweetly chime this Christmas morn;
Ring, merry bells; ring, merry bells;
Christ, the Lord, is born!
- 2 See the desert robed in beauty,
See the rose of Sharon bloom;
While the lily of the valley
Breathes again its sweet perfume.—Ring, merry bells, &c.
- 3 Loud hosannas hail His coming,
Festive garlands crown His birth,
Trumpet tongues report the story,
Peace, good-will to all the earth.—Ring, merry bells, &c.
- 4 Son of David, Prince of Glory,
Born to set thy people free;
Reign forever, King eternal!
All the world is blest in thee.—Ring, merry bells, &c.

28

Carol, sweetly Carol.{ Songs of Salvation,
p. 131.

- 1 Carol, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day:
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.
Cho.—Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings;
Oh, bear them far away.
- 2 Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng
O'er the vales of Judah
Awoke the heavenly song:
- Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, and peace and love;
Glory in the highest
To God who reigns above!
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.
- 3 Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above:
Sing in loudest numbers.
Oh, sing redeeming love.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

29

Star, Beautiful Star.{ Songs of Salvation,
p. 133.

- 1 There's a beautiful star, a beautiful star,
The weary travellers have followed far,
Shining so brightly all the way,
Till it stood o'er the place where the young Child lay.
Chorus.—Star, star, beautiful star!
Pilgrims weary we are;
To Jesus, to Jesus,
We follow thee from afar.
- 2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,
We saw the glory of thy new light,
Telling us, in our distant home,
The King-Redeemer to earth had come! Star, star, &c.
- 3 We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer,
Incense and myrrh, and spices rare:
All that we have we hither bring,
To lay it with joy at the feet of the King. Star, star, &c.

Easter.

30

Christ the Lord.{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 88.

- 1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
Glory, hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
He who died upon the cross,
Glory, hallelujah!
Suffered to redeem our loss,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
Full Cho.—Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Glory, hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Lo, he sets in blood no more,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord! (Full Cho.)

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
 Death in vain forbids His rise,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Christ hath opened Paradise,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord! (Full Cho.)

4 Lives again our glorious King,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
 Once He died our souls to save,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord! (Full Cho.)

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Follow our exalted head,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord! (Full Cho.)

31*He is Risen! He is Risen!*{ Hollister,
Ft. I., p. 46.

1 He is risen! He is risen!
 Tell it with a joyful voice;
 He has burst his three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice!
 Death is conquered, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.

2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
 Over deeds in darkness done;
 Weary fast and vigil keeping,
 Brightly breaks their Easter sun:
 Blood can wash all sins away,
 Christ has conquered hell to-day.

- 3 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
 With glad smile and radiant brow;
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All His woes are over now,
 And the glorious form He bore
 Mortal ills can vex no more.
- 4 Come, with high and holy gladness,
 Chant our Lord's triumphal lay;
 Not one touch of silent sadness

Dims His Resurrection Day;
 Brightly dawns the radiant East,
 Brighter far our Easter feast.

- 5 He is risen! He is risen!
 He has oped the eternal gate;
 We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state;
 Soon a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

32

How in the flow'ry Spring, my God. { Hollister,
 Pt. I., p. 48.

- 1 How in the flow'ry Spring, my God,
 The buds of promise ope,
 And blossom o'er life's thorny road
 To cheer the Christian's hope!
 Like them, exulting from the tomb,
 We too, revived, shall rise,
 And flourish in immortal bloom
 In Edens of the skies.
- 2 What tho' in pensive Autumn's wane
 Earth's sere-grown glories fall,
 And sleep thro' Winter's dull domain,
 When death is writ on all;

Exulting, in the breaking year,
 The lily doth unclose,
 And daisies o'er the waste appear,
 And roses from the snows.

- 3 So then to dust our dust shall turn,
 So too shall rise and sing,
 When falls upon the mouldered urn
 The joyous dew of Spring:
 The God that rears the tender flowers,
 And breathes to life their dust,
 From the cold grave shall quicken ours
 And new create the just.

33

Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day. { Hollister,
 Pt. I., p. 56.

- 1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the vict'ry won:
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.
 Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,
 Christ has opened Paradise.
 Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise—
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 Hallelujah, &c.

34*We will Carol joyfully.*{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 49.

- 1 We will carol joyfully
On this holy festal day;
To our risen Lord and King
Grateful homage we will bring.
- 2 We will carol joyfully
As, with sweet accord, we bring
Praise, from every heart and voice,
To our risen Lord and King.

- 3 We will carol joyfully
While our love and thanks we give
To our risen Lord and King,
He who died that we might live.
- 4 We will carol joyfully,
And to Him our off'rings bring,
Grateful hearts, with love and praise,
To our risen Lord and King.

35*Let us Join our Voices.*{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 50.

CHORUS.

Let us join our voices
In a grateful lay,
"Glory in the highest!"
Christ is ris'n to-day.
Go, tell it 'mong the people,
To every nation speed
With the joyful tidings,
"Christ is ris'n indeed!"
"Glory in the highest!"
Clap your hands and sing
Glory! Allelujah!
To our risen King.
Go, tell it 'mong the people,
To every nation speed
With the joyful tidings,
"Christ is ris'n indeed!"

DUET.

- 1 Lo! the seal is broken
Lo! the watch is fled,
And the chains are sundered
From the risen dead.

Death hath lost its terrors,
"Christ hath made us free,"
And the grave hath lost
Fore'er its victory. (Cho.)

- 2 Swift o'er hill and valley,
Echoing to the sky.
To remotest nations
Let the tidings fly,
Till, with eager voices,
They, with one accord,
Greet with Allelujahs
Jesus Christ our Lord.
(Cho.)

- 3 Go where sunshine gathers,
Where the birds do sing,
And the air is fragrant
With the flowers of spring;
With them deck your altars,
Till the fragrance rise,
Like the holy incense,
E'en unto the skies. (Cho.)

36*Let the merry Church-bells ring.*{ Hollister,
Pt. II, p. 32.

- 1 Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
Let the merry church-bells ring!
Hence with tears and sighing;

Frost and cold have fled with Spring,
 Life hath conquered dying;
 Flow'rs are smiling, fields are gay,
 Sunny is the weather;
 With our rising Lord to-day
 All things rise together.

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! (*Rep.*)

- 2 Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
 Let the birds sing out again
 From their leafy chapel,
 Praising Him with Whom in vain
 Satan sought to grapple:
 Sounds of joy come fast and thick
 As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
 Is the strain they utter.

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! (*Rep.*)

- 3 Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
 Let the past of grief be past;
 This our comfort giveth,
 HE was slain on Friday last,
 But to-day HE liveth:
 Mourning hearts must needs be gay,
 Nor let sorrow vex it,
 Since the very grave can say
Christus resurrexit.

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! (*Rep.*)

37

Christ hath Arisen.

{ Hollister,
 { Pt. 1., p. 54.

- 1 Christ hath arisen!
 Death is no more!
 Lo, the white-robed ones
 Sit by the door.
 Dawn, golden morning,
 Scatter the night!
 Haste, ye disciples glad,
 First with the light.
 Dawn, golden morning, &c.

- 2 Break forth in singing,
 O world new-born!
 Chant the great Eastertide,
 Christ's holy morn.
 Chant Him, young sunbeams,
 Dancing in mirth!
 Chant, all ye winds of God
 Coursing the Earth!
 Chant Him, &c.

- 3 Chant Him, ye laughing flowers,
 Fresh from the sod;
 Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
 Praising your God!
 Break from *thy* Winter,
 Sad heart, and sing;
 Bud with thy blossoms fair—
 Christ is thy Spring!
 Break from thy Winter, &c.
- 4 Come where the Lord hath lain,
 Past is the gloom;
 See the full eye of day
 Smile through the tomb.
 Hark! angel voices
 Fall from the skies:
 Christ hath arisen!
 Glad heart, arise!
 Hark! angel voices, &c.

38

Jesus Christ is risen to-day.{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 53

- 1 Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day,
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Who did once, upon the cross,
 Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which He endured
 Our salvation have procured;
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing.
- 4 Now be God the Father praised,
 With the Son, from death upraised,
 And the Spirit ever blest,—
 One true God, by all confess'd.

39

Christ is Risen.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 30.

- 1 Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
 Christ is risen to-day;
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!
 Sing aloud the lay,
 For Christ is ris'n to-day!
Cho.—Hallelujah, hallelujah!
 For Christ is ris'n to-day.
- 2 Snows are melted, flow'rs are spring-
 Summer now is nigh; [ing,
 Birds are warbling; nature, singing,
 Calls on earth and sky
 To bless and praise the Lord.—*Cho.*
- 3 Twine sweet blossoms, wreath the al-
 Deck the temple's shrine; [tar,
 Prayers are breathing, odors mingling,
 Heaven and earth combine
 To fill our hearts with joy.—*Cho.*
- 4 Lenten sadness, tears and sighing,
 Now are passed away;
 Hearts are leaping, tongues repeating,
 On this glorious day,
 Glad songs of love and joy.—*Cho.*
- 5 Satan's power, sin and sorrow,
 Death, the grave, and hell,
 Now are conquered; and victorious,
 High in heaven, shall dwell
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Cho.*
- 6 Angel music, seraph voices,
 Greet us in life's way;
 Jesus, risen, goes before us,
 Spreads our feast to-day,
 And points to heaven above.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.
Coda.—Hallelujah, &c.

40

Ye happy Bells.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 34.

1 Ye happy bells of Easter-day!
 Ring, ring your joy
 Through earth and sky!
 Ye ring a glorious word: [tell
 The notes that swell, in gladness
 The rising of the Lord!

2 Ye carol-bells of Easter-day!
 The teaming earth,
 That saw his birth
 When lying 'neath the sword,
 Upspringeth now in joy, to show
 The rising of the Lord!

3 Ye glory-bells of Easter-day!
 The hills that rise
 Against the skies
 Re-echo with the word—
 The victor-breath that conquers death—
 The rising of the Lord?

4 Ye passion-bells of Easter-day!
 The bitter cup
 He lifted up.
 Salvation to afford:
 Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
 The rising of the Lord?

5 Ye mercy-bells of Easter-day!
 His tender side
 Was riven wide,
 Where floods of mercy poured;
 Redeemed clay doth sing to-day
 The rising of the Lord!

6 Ye victor-bells of Easter-day!
 The thorny crown
 He layeth down:
 Ring, ring, with strong accord,
 The mighty strain of love and pain,
 The rising of the Lord!

41

Days grow longer.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 36.

1 Days grow longer.
 Sunbeams stronger.
 Easter-tide makes all things new;
 Lent is banished.
 Sadness vanished.
 Christ has risen, rise we too!
 Christmas meetings,
 Twelfth-night greetings,
 Whitsun sports are glad and gay;
 But the lightest
 And the brightest
 Of our feasts is Easter-day.

(Boys.)

(Girls.)

(Boys.)

(Chorus.)

2 Earthly story
 Crowns with glory
 Him whom earthly foes o'ercame;

Victor's laurel
Ends the quarrel,
Honor dwells about His name;
(Boys.) Vanquished legions.
(Girls.) Conquered regions,
(Boys.) Kings deposed and princes bound;
(Chorus.) Exultation,
Acclamation,
Fill His ears and float around.

3 Then unending
And transcending
Be the glory of the Son;
For transcendent
And resplendent
Was the vict'ry He hath won;
(Boys.) Death hath yielded,
(Girls.) Life is shielded,
(Boys.) Satan bound, and hell in chains;
(Chorus.) Chased is terror,
Fled is error.
Grief is past, and joy remains.

42

Smile, O Sky, God's Praises.

{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 37.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Smile, O Sky, God's praises!
Breathe them soft, O Air!
Blow them loud, O Tempest!
Sound them everywhere.
Storms black clouds have vanished,
Showers gently fall,
Blossoms now are peeping
At the sunshine's call.
Christ hath now arisen
Unharm'd from the dead.</p> <p>2 Wake, O Spring, in beauty!
Flowers now come forth,
With bright hues adorning
The green sods of Earth:</p> | <p>Little violets tender,
And sweet blue-bells bright,
Gay dark lilies blending
With pure daisies white.
Christ hath now arisen, &c.</p> <p>3 Sweep rich tides of music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure
From sweet lyres a song.
Sing, then, all—He liveth!
Liveth, as He said.
Christ hath now arisen
Unharm'd from the dead—
Christ hath now arisen, &c.</p> |
|--|--|

EASTER.

4 Clap your hands, ye mountains;	Liveth, as He said!
Valleys, now resound;	Christ hath now arisen
Leap for joy, ye fountains;	Unharm'd from the dead—
Hills, now catch the sound.	Christ hath now arisen,
Triumph all! He liveth—	Unharm'd from the dead.

48

Easter Anthem.

{ Bright Jewels,
p. 146.

1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
He is risen indeed!
"He captive led captivity,
He robbed the grave of victory,"
He broke the bars of death,
He broke the bars of death.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Amen. (Rep.)

2 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed; (Repeat both lines.)
Let every mourning soul rejoice,
And sing with one united voice:
The Saviour rose to-day. (Rep.)

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed; (Rep. both lines.)
The great and glorious work is done,
Free grace to all through Christ the Son;
Hosanna to His name! (Rep.)

Hallelujah, &c.

4 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed; (Rep. both lines.)
Let all that fill the earth and sea
Break forth in tuneful melody,
And swell the mighty song. (Rep.)

Hallelujah, &c.

44

Ring, ring the Bells!{ Royal Diadem
p. 46.

- 1 Ring, ring the bells over ocean and shore!
 Jesus, the Risen, shall suffer no more:
 Jesus, the Risen, is mighty to save;
 Where is thy strength and thy vict'ry, O Grave?

Refrain.—Ring, ring the bells; ring, ring, ring the bells;
 Ring them joyfully, joyfully; lift the voice and sing;
 Death is vanquished, and the Lord is King.

- 2 Break from your bondage of Winter, O Earth!
 Wake to a Spring-time of music and mirth;
 Blossom and sing, for your darkness is done;
 Jesus hath risen, thy life-giving Sun. Ring, ring, &c.
- 3 Ring, ring the tidings, with joy in the chime,
 Down through the shadows of error and crime;
 Ring to the spirit of bondman and free,
 "Jesus is risen, and liveth for thee." Ring, ring, &c.

45

Christ is Risen. (2.){ Songs of Salvation.
p. 140.

- 1 Christ is risen from the dead—
 Christ, our ever-living Head;
 Now He lives Who once was slain,
 Lives, for evermore to reign;
 Risen Sun of Righteousness,
 Risen to save, to cheer, to bless.
 Blessed Saviour, living Lord,
 Ever be thy name adored.

CHORUS.

Mighty Victor, strong to save,
 Thou hast conquer'd o'er the grave,
 Death hath lost its pow'r and sting,
 Praise to our victorious King.

- 2 Christ hath triumphed o'er the
 grave.
 Christ hath shown His power to
 save;

Cruel death and bitter strife:
 Christ hath purchas'd endless life.
 Now our faith is not in vain;
 Jesus Christ hath risen again;
 Victory through our conqu'ring
 Lord,
 To His Father's throne restored.
 Cho.

- 3 Bright our hope beyond the tomb,
 Gone the darkness, gone the gloom,
 Gone the dreadful fear of death,
 We may sing with latest breath:
 Sown in weakness, raised in pow-
 For the resurrection hour, [er,
 Glory, glory, let us sing,
 Glory to our risen King!

Cho.

Miscellaneous.

46

Nicæa.

{ Church Porch,
No. 1.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! AMEN.

47

We three Kings of Orient.

{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 28.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">1 We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.
CHORUS.
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect Light.2 Born a King on Bethlehem's
plain, | <p>Gold I bring to crown Him again
King forever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign. <i>Cho.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">3 Frankincense to offer have I:
Incense owns a deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship him God on high. <i>Cho.</i>4 Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering
gloom— |
|--|---|

Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Cho.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
Heaven singing
Hallelujah;
Joyous the earth replies. *Cho.*

48

Bethany.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 73.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*rep.*)
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God, to Thee, &c.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me

In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, &c.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, &c.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, &c.

49

Beautiful Church.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 80.

1 Beautiful Church of Christ below,
Beautiful in this world of woe,
Beautiful Gate to Heaven above,
Beautiful House of God I love;
He who was slain on Calvary
Has built this beautiful Church for me.

2 Beautiful Round, our Festival year,
Beautiful all its scenes appear;
Beautiful Feast when Christ was born,
Beautiful light the Easter morn;
With Christmas wreaths and Easter flowers,
Thank God, this beautiful Church is ours!

Beautiful Baptism, Christ its light;
 Beautiful Infants, robed in white;
 Beautiful Chants, we love to sing;
 Beautiful Hymns to Christ our King:
 The path that Saints and Martyrs trod,
 The Church that leads us home to God.

- 4 Beautiful Church of Christ our King,
 Beautiful offerings let us bring;
 Beautiful lives the Church to adorn,
 Beautiful love to Heaven's First-born:
 With hearts of faith the Saviour see,
 Come to this Beautiful Church with me.

50

Glory! Glory! Glory!

{ Sunshine,
 p. 48.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
 Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, glory, hear it echo thro' the sky;
 Glory, glory, glory, shall our happy hearts reply.
 Multitudes of angels send the chorus down to men,
 Multitudes of people send it back to heav'n again.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity. Glory, glory, glory, &c.

- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above. Glory, glory, glory, &c.

51

Sun of my Soul.

{ Hollister,
 Pt. I., p. 88.

- 1 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Come near and bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
I lose myself, in Heaven above.

52

Safely through another Week.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I, p. 93.

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. (Rep.)
- 2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 3 As we meet Thy Name to praise,
Let us feel the Presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes
While we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

53

Let us with a Gladsome Mind.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 96.

- 1 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. *Cho.*—Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Let us sound His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state. *(Cho.)*
- 3 All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth. *(Cho.)*
- 4 He His mansion hath on high,
Past the reach of mortal eye;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. *(Cho.)*
- 5 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. *(Cho.)*

54

My Faith looks up to Thee.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 97.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire. | <ol style="list-style-type: none">3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrows tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. |
|--|--|

55

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 119.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. (Rep.)

- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
 Hear young children when they pray. (Rep.)

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
 Let us early turn to Thee. (Rep.)

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us learn Thy will;
 Do Thou Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. (Rep.)

56

Ye Christian Heroes.{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 120.

- 1 Ye Christian heroes, go, proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

57

Come, Children, Join to Sing.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 131.

1 Come, children. join to sing
Worthy the Lamb!
Loud praise to Christ our King!
Worthy the Lamb!
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice—
Worthy the Lamb!
2 Shout, all ye saints of God,
Worthy the Lamb!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
3 Hark to the choirs above—
Worthy the Lamb!
Praising the Saviour's love—
Worthy the Lamb!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
Worthy the Lamb!

58

Herndon.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 123.

1
To Thy pastures, fair and large,
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2
When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

3
Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.

4
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend:
Thou shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

59

Coronation.

{ Hollister,
Pt. I., p. 138.

1
All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

(Repeat last two lines.)

2
Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Yeransom'd from the fall, [grace,
 Hail Him who saves you by His
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him 'all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

60

America.

{ Hollister.
 { Pt. I., p. 147.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills.

Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song!
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong!

61

Rock of Ages.

{ Hollister.
 { Pt. I., p. 151.

Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

2

Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,

Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

62

They are Going—ever Going.

{ Hollister.
 { Pt. I., p. 158

1 They are going—ever going—
 Jesus called them long ago;
 All the wintry time they're passing,
 Softly as the falling snow.

When the violets in the spring-time
 Catch the azure of the sky,
 They are carried out to slumber,
 Sweetly where the violets lie.

Cho.—They are going—ever going—
 Leaving oft a lonely spot;
 But 'tis Jesus who has called them,—
 Suffer and forbid them not.

2 They are going—ever going—
 When with summer earth is dressed,
 In their cold hands holding roses
 Folded to each silent breast.
 When the autumn hangs red banners
 Out upon the harvest sheaves,
 They are going—ever going—
 Thick and fast like falling leaves.

(*Chorus.*)

3 They are going—ever going—
 All adown the solemn time;
 They have taken up their homeward
 March to that serener clime,
 Where the watching, waiting angels
 Lead them from the shadow dim,
 To the brightness of His presence
 Who has called them unto Him.

(*Chorus.*)

4 They are going—ever going—
 Out of pain and into bliss,
 Out of sad and sinful weakness
 Into perfect holiness.
 Snowy brows—no cares shall shade them;
 Bright eyes—fears shall never dim;
 Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
 Jesus called them unto Him.

(*Chorus.*)

63

The Lord my Shepherd is.

{ Hollister,
 Pt. II., p. 49.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

2

If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right
 For His most holy Name. [way
 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Tho' I should walk through death's
 dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

3

In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days,
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

64

The Fields bedecked with Flowers.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 56.

1

The fields bedecked with flowers,
 The stars that gem the night,
 The sunbeams and the showers,
 God made them in His might.
 Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings.

2

The rich man in his castle,
 The poor man at his gate,
 He made them high or lowly,
 And ordered their estate.
 The purple-headed mountains,
 The river running by,
 The sunset, and the morning
 That lightens up the sky,

3

The cold winds in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden,—
 He made them every one.
 The tall trees in the greenwood,
 The meadows where we play,
 The rushes by the water
 We gather every day,—

4

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who "doeth all things well."
 Then let us raise our voices
 His praises to proclaim,
 And in His works around us
 Read His almighty Name.

65

All will be Well.{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 58.

- 1 Through the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well;
 Free and changeless is His favor,
 All, all is well!
 Precious is the Blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the Grace that sealed us,
 Strong the Hand stretched forth to shield us,
 All must be well!

- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,

All will be well;

Ours is such a full salvation,

All, all is well!

Happy, still in God confiding,

Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,

Holy, through the Spirit's finding,

All must be well!

- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,

All will be well;

Faith can sing through days of sorrow,

All, all is well!

On our Father's love relying,

Jesus every need supplying,

Or in living, or in dying,

All must be well!

66

Hosanna.

{ Hollister,
Pt. II., p. 59.

- Trio.* 1 Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of later days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.

Infants.—Hark! while infant voices sing—

Trio Inf.—Hark! while infant voices sing

Full Cho.—Loud hosannas to our King. (*Rep.*)

- Trio.* 2 We have often heard and read
What the royal psalmist said:
"Babes and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise." Hark, &c.

- Trio.* 3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven;
Praise to God for all be given. Hark, &c.

- Trio.* 4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies. Hark, &c.

67

Eventide.{ Church Porch,
No. 22.

- 1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou! who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine oh! abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, remember me. AMEN.

68

Lebanon.{ Church Porch,
No. 59.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1</p> <p>I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.</p> <p>I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.</p> <p>2</p> <p>The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought His child,
And followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.</p> | <p>He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone,
He bound me with the bands of
love,
And saved the wandering one.</p> <p>3</p> <p>I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's
I love, I love the fold! [voice,
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice;
I love, I love His home!</p> |
|---|---|

69

St. Alban.

{ Church Porch,
No. 116.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before:
Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.
 Cho.—(Rep. first four lines.)

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod,
We are not divided,
 All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity.—*Cho.*

3 Crowns and thrones may perish.
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*

4 Onward, then, ye people;
 Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song:
Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
This, through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

70

He Leadeth Me.

{ Church Porch,
No. 122.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

*Cho.—*He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
 By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'midst scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. (*Cho.*)

3 Lord, I would clasp Thine hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur, nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. (*Cho.*)

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory 's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me. (Cho.)

71

Ewing.{ Church Porch,
No. 150.

1
 Jerusalem the golden!
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation,
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not—oh! I know not
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

2
 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene:
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3
 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4
 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

72

Angels of Jesus.{ Children's
Praise, p. 44.

- 1 Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Cho.—Angels of Jesus, Angels of light!

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. (*Rep.*)

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
 And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

(Cho.)

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. (Cho.)
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. (Cho.)
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. (Cho.)

73

Come to the Saviour.

{ Prize,
p. 5.

- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His word He 's shown us the way;
Here in our 'midst He 's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come."
Cho.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
In our eternal home.
- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice;
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come. (Cho.)
- 3 Think once again, He 's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, Come?" (Cho.)

74

Whosoever Will.

{ Prize,
p. 7.

- 1 "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
"Whosoever will may come."

Cho.—"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
 Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
 'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home;
 "Whosoever will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
 Now the door is open, enter while ye may;
 Jesus is the true, the only living way;
 "Whosoever will may come." (*Cho.*)

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
 "Whosoever will," forever must endure;
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life forevermore;
 "Whosoever will may come." (*Cho.*)

75

Loving Father.{ Prize.
p. 9.

1
 Loving Father, hear thy children,
 Kneeling low before thy throne;
 Oh, accept our humble worship,
 Jesus, Saviour, God alone.
 Give us hearts to love Thee truly,
 And to love each other too;
 Make us gentle, kind, obedient,
 In all things we say or do.

2
 Asking not from pain to save us,
 But from sin, the cause of pain;
 Cleanse our souls and make us holy,
 Lead us in Thy way again.
 Give us here Thy sweet supporting,
 Help us all to do Thy will,
 That at last, in heavenly mansions,
 We may love and serve Thee still.

76

This is the Sabbath Day.{ Prize,
p. 15.

1 Peaceful the morning, quiet the day,
 Now are the week's cares folded away,
 Hushed into stillness now is the air,
 Welcome the Sabbath fair.

Cho.—Hark and hear the pleasant Sabbath bells;
 Far and near the sounding echo swells;
 Sweetly to all their tones seem to say,
 This is the Sabbath day.

2 Sweet are the songs that here we shall sing,
 Tender the spirits hither we bring,
 Dear are the lessons oft we have heard,
 Lord, from Thy holy word. (*Cho.*)

- 3 Gather the children, lead them along;
 Bring them to join in service of song.
 And, through the lessons, here may they learn
 Unto the Lord to turn. (Cho.)
- 4 And when we join in service of prayer,
 May we, our Father, know Thou art there;
 Dear gentle Shepherd, Thy flock are we;
 Gather us now to Thee! (Cho.)

77

Oh, let us love Him.

{ Prize,
p. 32.

- 1 He is the Sapherd, gentle and loving,
 Guarding with care all the lambs of His fold,
 Tenderly leading, bounteously feeding,
 Shielding them all from the storm and the cold.
Cho.—Oh, let us love Him; oh, let us love Him!
 He is our Saviour, our Father, and Friend;
 Let us adore Him, bowing before Him,
 Upward to Him let our off'rings ascend.
- 2 In His green pastures, fragrant and blooming,
 Softer than wool to the dear little feet,
 Walking beside them, see how He guides them,
 Calling in accents so tender and sweet. (Cho.)
- 3 Seeking the lost ones, cheering the lonely,
 Giving to each of His infinite love,
 Blessing the meek ones, aiding the weak ones,
 Bringing them all to the pastures above. (Cho.)

78

The Shining Shore.

{ Prize,
p. 37.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1
 My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.
 <i>Cho.</i>—For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,</p> | <p>And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.</p> <p>2
 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let ev'ry lamp be burning. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|---|

3	Should coming days be cold and dark. We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest naught can molest Where golden harps are ringing.	4	Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow, Each chord on earth to sever, Our King says, Come! and there 's our home For ever, oh! for ever. <i>Cho.</i>
---	---	---	---

Cho.

79*Knocking, Knocking.*{ Prize,
p. 52.

1	Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair! 'Tis a pilgrim strange and kingly, Never such was seen before. Ah, my soul, for such a wonder Wilt thou not undo the door?	3	For the weeds and ivy-vine, With their dark and clinging tendrils, Ever round the hinges twine.
2	Knocking, knocking, still He 's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair; But the door is hard to open,	3	Knocking, knocking — what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair? Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh; And beneath the crownèd hair Beam the patient eyes, so tender, Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

80*Never from Thee will we Stray.*{ Prize,
p. 60.

1 Tenderly guide us, O Shepherd of Love,
To the green pastures and waters above;
Guarding us ever by night and by day,
Never from Thee will we stray.

Cho.—Never, never, never, oh! never, for Thou art the way;
Never, never, never, from Thee will we stray.

2 What though the heavens with clouds be o'ercast,
Fearful the tempest and bitter the blast!
What though the river of Death bar the way!
Never from Thee will we stray. *(Cho.)*

3 Over our weakness Thy strength hath been cast;
Keep us, in meekness, Thine own till the last;
Then, safely folded where Thou art the Day,
Never from Thee will we stray. *(Cho.)*

81

Rejoicing.

{ Prize,
p. 63.

1 Father in heaven.
While angels adore Thee,
We little children
Would worship before Thee.

Cho.—Glad as the birds
In the morning, we raise
Songs of thanksgiving
To echo Thy praise;
And in the evening
With angels we'll sing
Songs of rejoicing,
O Saviour and King.

2 When in the morning
The daylight is breaking,
When from our slumbers
In peace we are waking.

(*Cho.*)

3 Father, Thy promise,
Forever prevailing,
Brings to us blessings
Unnumbered, unailing.

(*Cho.*)

82

Who is He?

{ Prize,
p. 71.

1 Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

CHORUS.

'Tis the Lord, oh! wondrous story;
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

(*Cho.*)

3 Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

(*Cho.*)

4 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness? (*Cho.*)

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

(*Cho.*)

6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

(*Cho.*)

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help, and
save?

(*Cho.*)

8 Who is He that, on yon Throne,
Rules the world of light alone?

(*Cho.*)

83

Blessed Redeemer.

{ Prize,
p. 80.

1 Blessed Redeemer, gracious and holy,
May we approach to Thy radiant throne?
We are so humble, helpless and lowly,
Thou art so great in Thy glory alone.

Cho.—Yes, in Thy glory—wonderful story!—

Thou art our Father, our Saviour, and King!
While we adore Thee, bowing before Thee,
Help us our purest affections to bring.

- 2 Blessed Redeemer, tender and loving,
 Thou hast come down from Thy radiant throne,
 Seeking Thy children, sinful and roving,
 Wandering off in the wilderness lone. (Cho.)
- 3 Blessed Redeemer, Thou who hast found us,
 Lead us at last to Thy radiant throne;
 Love all-enduring fold Thou around us,
 Till Thou hast made us forever Thine own. (Cho.)

84

The Song of the Angel Reapers.{ Prize,
p. 84.

- 1 Oh, we are the reapers that garner in
 The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
 With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Cho.—We are the reapers! Oh, who will come
 And share in the glory of the "harvest home"?
 Oh, who will help us to gather in
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?
- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
 The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
 Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 But gather from all for the home on high. (Cho.)
- 3 The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
 But reapers are few and the work is great,
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait. (Cho.)
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
 And gather together the golden grain;
 Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
 And joyfully borne from the harvest ground. *Cho.*

85

The Triumph.{ Prize,
p. 82.

- 1 We are marching onward
 To our home on high;
 This shall be our watchword,
 "Labor till we die."
 For the night is coming,
 Soon will set the sun;
 When the Master calleth,
 Let our work be done.

Cho.—Onward, onward,
 Singing as we go;
 Soon we'll triumph
 Over every foe.
 Yes! we are marching onward
 To our home on high;
 This shall be our watchword,
 "Labor till we die."

2 Ye who in His vineyard
 Idly stand and wait,
 Come and join the workers
 Ere it be too late;
 Lest at His appearing,
 When He looks for sheaves,
 Like the barren fig-tree,
 Ye'll have naught but leaves.

(Cho.)

3 Of our Master's coming
 We know not the hour,
 But 't will be with glory,
 Majesty, and power.
 If we are but faithful,
 Happy shall we be
 When we hear the summons,
 "Hither come to me!"

(Cho.)

86

The Lambs of the Upper Fold.{ Prize,
p. 102.

1 'Mid the pastures green of the blessed isles
 Where never is heat or cold,
 Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile,
 Are the lambs of the Upper Fold:
 Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring,
 And never a heart grows old,
 Where the glad "new song" is the song they sing,
 Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.
 Lambs of the Upper Fold, (Rep.)
 Where the glad "new song" is the song they sing,
 Are the Lambs of the Upper Fold.

2 There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth
 Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mould;
 But the light that paled at the stricken hearth
 Was joy to the Upper Fold.
 Oh, the "white stone" beareth a new name now
 That never on earth was told,
 And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care
 The lambs of the Upper Fold.
 Lambs of the Upper Fold, (Rep.)
 And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care
 The lambs of the Upper Fold.

87

Gather them in.{ Prize,
p. 98.

1 Say, little soldiers, who fight for the true,
 Are you all ready to dare and to do?
 Oh! have you thought of the work to be done
 Down 'midst the children that many would shun,

Living in darkness, the Bible unknown?
 You must go to them and tell them, each one,
 That in the school here each heart, kind and true,
 Waits to give welcome!—Oh, this you can do.

- (*Cho.*) Gather them in, gather them in,
 Gather them in to the Sunday School band;
 Gather them in, gather them in,
 Show them the way to the far Better Land:
 Out of the highways and by-ways of sin,
 Gather them in, gather them in;
 Help them this glory immortal to win,
 Gather, oh! gather them in.
- 2 Tell them of Jesus, who loved them so well;
 Tell them of heaven, where glad anthems swell;
 Tell them the evil and blackness of sin;
 Tell them their souls must be spotless and clean.
 Love them and win them, each poor girl and boy,
 Out of the errors that curse and destroy;
 Gather them into the ranks where you fight,
 Lead them from darkness out into the light. (*Chorus.*)

Over the River.

{ Prize,
 } p. 106.

- 1 Over the river! oh, what is there?
 Over the river, the river?
 Hearts ever happy and souls ever fair,
 Basking in glory forever,
 Cho.—Over the river—the river wide,
 Over the beautiful river,
 Angels and blessed immortals abide,
 Sinless and happy forever.
- 2 Over the river! oh, who is there?
 Over the river, the river?
 Friends who have gone from our earth-life, to share
 Life from the Bountiful Giver. (*Cho.*)
- 3 Over the river! oh, wonderful land.
 Over the river, the river!
 Happy and holy each radiant band;
 May we be with them forever. (*Cho.*)

89

Remembered.{ Prize,
p. 126.

- 1 Fading away, like the stars of the morning
Losing their light in the glorious sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done. (*Rep. slow.*)
Cho.—Ever remembered, for ever remembered,
Ever remembered while the years are rolling on;
Ever remembered, for ever remembered,
Only remembered by what I have done.
- 2 So let my name and my place be forgotten,
Only my life-race be patiently run;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done. (*Cho.*)
- 3 So, in the harvest, if others may gather
Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown;
Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper—
I'm only remembered by what I have done. (*Cho.*)
- 4 Fading away like the stars of the morning,
So let my name be unhonored, unknown;
Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered—
Only remembered by what I have done. (*Cho.*)

90

The Prodigal Son.{ Prize,
p. 126.

- 1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.
Cho.—Glory, glory, how the angels sing!
Glory, glory, how the loud harps ring!
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.
- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wand'rer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from its sinful way,
—And is born anew, a ransomed child. (*Cho.*)

- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day;
 Angels swell the glad triumphant strain:
 Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
 For a precious soul is born again. (Cho.)

91

The River of Life.{ Prize,
p. 128.

1 Beautiful river,
 Flowing forever
 Over the crystals of glittering gold,
 Rippling and ringing,
 What art thou singing?
 Song ever new, tho' the ages grow
 old.

Cho.—Onward I'm going,
 Singing and flowing,
 Thro' the green fields of the "Beau-
 tiful Land";

Love, all-redeeming,
 Smiles in my gleaming,
 Filling with rapture the heavenly
 band.

2 Beautiful river,
 Flowing forever,
 Spirits, arrayed in their raiment of
 List to thy story; [white,

River of glory,
 How dost thou sing to the angels of
 light? (Cho.)

3 Beautiful river,
 Flowing forever,
 When thro' the gateway of pearl we
 shall go,

Coming to meet us,
 How wilt thou greet us,
 Wayworn and weary, from jour-
 neys below? (Cho.)

4 Beautiful river,
 Flowing forever,
 To thee our footsteps are hastening
 fast;

Stream, crystal clearest,
 New song the dearest,
 Sing to our souls when we reach
 thee at last. (Cho.)

92

What shall the Harvest be?{ Prize,
p. 146.

- 1 Sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair,
 Sowing their seed in the noontide glare,
 Sowing their seed in the fading light,
 Sowing their seed in the solemn night,
 Oh, what shall the harvest be? (Repeat.)

Cho.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
 Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure—ah, sure—will the harvest be.

- 2 Sowing their seed by the wayside high,
Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing their seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be? (Cho.)
- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Ah, sure will the harvest be. (Cho.)
- 4 Sowing their seed with an aching heart,
Sowing their seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, what shall the harvest be? (Cho.)

93

The Golden Time.

{ Prize,
p. 169.

- 1 See the golden sunlight,
O'er the mountains beaming,
Bringing to the world the bright prophetic day;
Chasing all the shadows,
All the dreary shadows,
Of the night of death and darkness far away.
Cho.—Hail we now the Golden time,
Hail the day our eyes have longed to see!
Send the song through ev'ry clime,
'Tis the day of jubilee.
- 2 See the golden promise
Of the prophet's vision
Coming to its glory in this day and hour;
Coming in its newness,
Coming in its trueness,
Coming in its majesty and with great power. (Cho.)
- 3 See the golden city
From the clouds descending,
While before its coming error flies away;

See the wondrous glory
 From its portals streaming!
 Now indeed is come the everlasting day. (Cho.)

94

Thy Will be done.{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 17.

- 1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
 O'er the spoils that death hath won,
 We would at this solemn meeting
 Calmly say, Thy will be done.
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
 Though afflicted, not alone:
 Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
 Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
 Mercy still is on the throne;
 With Thy smiles of love returning,
 We can say—Thy will be done.
- 4 By Thy hands the boon was given,
 Thou hast taken but Thine own;
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
 Evermore Thy will be done.

95

The Land of Eden.{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 22.

<p>O Eden Land, thou land of bloom, Beyond the shadows of the tomb, Beyond the pain and grief and strife That dim and mar our mortal life; O Eden Land, thou land of the blest, Where we alone find peace and rest! <i>(Rep. last two lines.)</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>O Eden Land—bright world of bliss, More fresh and fair and pure than this!—</p>	<p>Oh, how our weary spirits long To reach that clime of life and song! Thou Eden Land, at whose close gate The treasures of our future wait.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>Thou Eden Land! oh, could we grasp Thy promised blessings in our clasp, Fain would we loose our hold on earth, And rise to that immortal birth Which shall alone place in our hand The key to heaven's fair Eden Land.</p>
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96

Love for Jesus.

{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 23.

1 I love the name of Jesus,
That name the angels sing,
And with their loud hosannas
The heavenly portals ring:
To Him my all confiding,
In Him my joy complete,
I learn with christian meekness
My duty at His feet.

Refrain.—I love, I love,

I love the name of Jesus,
The sweetest name,
The name, the name the an-
gels sing.

2 I love to think of Jesus
When all is calm and still,

When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill:
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days,
How just are all His counsels,
And true are all His ways.
(*Ref.*)

3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at His throne;
Oh, may His spirit help me
To live for Him alone.
To labor for my Saviour
My greatest joy shall be;
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because He died for me.
(*Ref.*)

97

S. S. Volunteer Song.

{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 30.

1 We are marching on with shield and banner bright,
We will work for God and battle for the right,
We will praise His name rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
In the Sunday School our army we prepare,
As we rally 'round our blessed standard there;
And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear
While we work till Jesus calls.

Cho.—Then awake, then awake, happy song, happy song!
Shout for joy, shout for joy, as we gladly march along!
We are marching onward, singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2 We are marching on: our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still; His gentle voice we hear.
Let the foe advance! we'll never, never fear;
For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song;
 We will shout for joy, and gladly march along:
 In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
 While we work till Jesus calls. (Cho.)

3 We are marching on the straight and narrow way
 That will lead to life and everlasting day,
 To the smiling fields that never will decay;
 But we'll work till Jesus comes.
 We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
 To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
 To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
 And we'll work till Jesus calls. (Cho.)

98 *Jesus, dear, I come to Thee.* { Fresh Laurels,
 p. 31.

<p>1 Jesus, dear, I come to Thee; Thou hast said I may: Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away. Jesus, dear, I learn of Thee, In Thy word divine; Ev'ry promise there I see, May I call it mine. CHORUS. Jesus, hear my humble song; I am weak, but Thou art strong; Gently lead my soul along, Help me come to Thee.</p> <p>2 Jes us, dear, I long for Thee, Long Thy peace to know;</p>	<p>Grant those purer joys to me Earth can ne'er bestow. Jesus, dear, I cling to Thee; When my heart is sad, Thou wilt kindly speak to me, Thou wilt make me glad. (Cho.)</p> <p>3 Jesus, dear, I trust in Thee, Trust Thy tender love: There's a happy home for me With Thy saints above. Jesus, I would come to Thee; Thou hast said I may: Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away. (Cho.)</p>
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99 *The Pure in Heart.* { Fresh Laurels,
 p. 48.

<p>Blessed are the pure in heart! Blessed evermore! They shall meet, and never part, On the golden shore. Thorny paths their feet have trod, But their rest is sure with God.</p>	<p>CHORUS. Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed evermore! (Rep. both lines.)</p>
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2

Blessed are the pure in heart,
 Free from sin and stain;
 Satan, with his fiery dart,
 Tempts their peace in vain;
 For they lean on Jesus' arm,—
 He will keep them safe from harm.
 (Cho.)

3

Blessed are the pure in heart!
 Oh! that we may stand,
 Choosing now the better part,
 At the Lord's right hand.
 With us may His love abide,
 For the sake of Christ who died!
 (Cho.)

100

Prayer for Guidance.

{ Fresh Laurels,
 p. 42.

Jesus, lead me—Jesus, guide me—
 In the way I ought to go;
 Help an erring one to praise Thee,
 Teach me, Lord, Thy word to
 know.

Tho' my heart is weak and sinful,
 May I bring it, Lord, to Thee;
 Wash me in Thy precious foun-
 tain;
 Jesus, Thou hast died for me!

2

In Thy word I read the promise,
 "Ask for mercy, and receive;
 They who early seek shall find Me:"
 Lord, I will—I do believe.

Jesus, hear me: Jesus, guide me
 In the way that leads to Thee.
 Blessed hope!—my only comfort—
 Jesus, thou hast died for me.

3

Happy now, my soul has found
 Thee;
 I can sing Thy praise divine;
 I can tell the world around me,
 I am Thine, forever Thine.
 Thou wilt lead me, Thou wilt guide
 me;
 Sweetly now I rest on Thee:
 Blessed hope!—my only comfort—
 Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

101

Blessed are the People.

{ Fresh Laurels,
 p. 100.

- 1 Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound,
 Still with peace and plenty they are crowned;
 God is ever with them their refuge and their might;
 They shall dwell together in His holy light.

Cho.—Praise Him, ye nations; great is your King!

Under the shadow of His wing

He will keep you safely from the Tempter's snare;
 Evil cannot harm you, cannot harm you there.

- 2 Blessed are the people whose trust is in the Lord,
 Walking in the counsel of His word;
 They shall be exalted who love His holy Name,
 They shall never, never seek His face in vain. (Cho.)

- 3 Blessed are the people who on His arm repose,
Looking to the hills whence comfort flows;
They shall grow and flourish who in His strength abide
Like the trees that blossom by the river's side. (Cho.)
- 4 Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound,
Still with peace and plenty they are crowned;
God is ever with them, their refuge and their might;
They shall dwell together in His holy light. (Cho.)

102

Watch and Pray.{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 54.

Watch, for the time is short;
Watch while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest the world prevail;
Watch, christian, watch and pray!
Watch, for the flesh is weak;
Watch, for the foe is strong;
Watch, lest the Bridegroom come;
Watch, though He tarry long.

CHORUS.

Oh, watch and pray; oh, watch
and pray! (Rep.)

Oh, watch in the darkness
And watch in the day;
Christian, watch and pray.

2

Chase slumber from thine eyes,
Chase doubting from thy breast;

Thine is the promised prize
Of heaven's eternal rest.
Watch, christian, watch and pray;
Thy Saviour watched for thee,
Till from His brow there poured
Great drops of agony. (Cho.)

3

Take Jesus for thy trust;
Watch, watch forevermore;
Watch, for thou soon must sleep
With thousands gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up—
Now, while 'tis called to-day—
Now is th' accepted time;
Watch, christian, watch and pray.
(Cho.)

103

To the Wandering and the Weary.{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 103.

- 1 To the wandering and the weary,
Everywhere on land and sea,
Jesus calls in tones of mercy,
"Come, dear children, come to Me."
- 2 From our home, our household altar,
When our father bends the knee,
Oft we hear a voice inviting,
"Come, dear children, come to Me."

- 3 When at night, upon our pillow,
We have raised our prayer to Thee,
Then we felt the word unspoken,
"Come, dear children, come to Me."
- 4 Oft we hear it when our teachers
Talk to us of Calvary;
In our hearts its tones re-echo—
"Come, dear children, come to Me."
- 5 When we pass death's troubled river,
Calm and peaceful it will be,
If we hear that Voice of voices,
"Come, dear children, come to Me."

104

Our Victory.

{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 120.

- 1 We are marching on to glory, (three times)
Lift the Gospel banner high!
Listen to the wondrous story (three times)
How we gained the victory;
How we found the glorious way
Leading to the happy gates of day,
Let us sing, let us sing of our glorious, glorious victory. (Rep.)
- 2 When beset by sore temptation,
Satan's host against us rose,
With the armor of salvation
Did we triumph o'er our foes;
Now we praise the Lord on high
For our glorious, glorious victory. Let us sing, &c.
- 3 When the clouds were dark above us,
And the storm came on apace,
He who cares for us and loves us
Was our shield and hiding-place;
Under His protecting wing,
Now rejoicing gladly we will sing. Let us sing, &c.

105

Autumn.

{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 59.

- 1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone; .

Year by year Thy hand hath brought me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
 When I doubted, sent me light:
 Still thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in Thy sight.

- 2 In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I;
 And the strife may never fail me,
 Well I know, before I die.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength—the Spirit strength indeed.
- 3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
 Wholly trust upon Thy arm,
 Follow wholly Thy directing—
 Thou mine only guard from harm!
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to Thee when tried;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at Thy side.

106

I am Waiting by the River.

{ Fresh Laurels,
 p. 125.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I am waiting by the river,
 And my heart has waited long;
 Now I think I hear the chorus
 Of the angels' welcome song:
 Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
 On the hill-tops of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from
 troubling,
 And the weary be at rest."</p> <p>2 Far away beyond the shadows
 Of this weary vale of tears,
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping
 Thro' the bright and change-
 less years;</p> | <p>Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
 In the mansions of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from
 troubling,
 And the weary be at rest."</p> <p>3 They are launching on the river
 From the calm and quiet shore,
 And they soon will bear my spirit
 Where the weary sigh no more;
 For the tide is swiftly flowing,
 And I long to greet the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from
 troubling,
 And the weary be at rest."</p> |
|--|---|

107

Oh, We are Volunteers.

{ Sunshine,
p. 40.

- 1 Oh, we are volunteers in the army of the Lord,
Forming into line at our Captain's word;
We are under marching orders to take the battle-field,
And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

Cho.—Come and join the army, the army of the Lord;
Jesus is our Captain, we rally at His word;
Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin,
But with such a Leader we are sure to win.

- 2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain;
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain. (*Cho.*)

- 3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side;
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride:
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must fight, and watch, and pray, if we'd drive them back. (*Cho.*)

- 4 Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword;
Glorious is the kingdom of Christ our Lord:
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed forevermore. (*Cho.*)

108

Only an Armor-Bearer.

{ Sunshine,
p. 76.

- 1 Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Cho.—Hear ye the battle-cry? "Forward!" the call;
See, see! the falt'ring ones backward they fall.
Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be. (*Rep.*)

- 2 Only an armor-bearer now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I." (*Cho.*)

- 3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
 Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
 If, in the battle to my trust I'm true,
 Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review. (Cho.)

109

Jehovah Fireh.{ Sunshine,
p. 29.

- 1 In some way or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be my way,
 It may not be thy way;
 And yet in His own way
 "The Lord will provide."
- 2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be my time,
 It may not be thy time;
 And yet in His own time
 "The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide:
 And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Hath ever been broken—
 "The Lord will provide."
- 4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide:
 With Canaan before us,
 With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."

110

Vesper.{ Sunshine,
p. 97.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Slow fades the summer light,
 Soft falls the dew,
 Faintly the stars of night
 Glimmer to view.
 Gentle and merciful,
 Thou who wast crucified,
 Bring, O Thou Holy One,
 Peace to my heart!</p> <p>(Repeat last four lines as Cho.)</p> | <p>2 Earth, like a weary one,
 Sinks to repose;
 Cool comes the zephyr on,
 Shutting the rose.
 Gentle and merciful, &c.</p> <p>3 Bells on the valley side
 Tinkle and cease,
 Darker the shadows glide,
 All is at peace.
 Gentle and merciful, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

111

Soon and Forever.

{ Sunshine,
p. 112.

Only a few more years,
Only a few more cares,
Only a few more smiles and tears.
Only a few more prayers:

2

Only a few more wrongs,
Only a few more sighs,

Only a few more earthly songs,
Only a few good-byes:

3

Then an eternal stay.
Then an eternal throng,
Then an eternal glorious day,
Then an eternal song.

112

Happy Home.

{ Pure Gold,
p. 24.

- 1 To the humble soul that is born anew,
And from death to life hath past,
What a glorious hope of a coming rest,
And a home in heaven at last!

Cho.—Do we long to fly away
To those realms of endless day,
Never, never more to stray
From our Happy Home, Happy Home?
Happy Home, blest abode,
Where the Saviour dwells. (*Rep. last 2 lines.*)

- 2 By the precious blood of our risen Lord,
When the storm-cloud darkly lowers,
We can look above with the eye of faith,
And believe that home is ours.

(*Cho.*)

- 3 If we live by faith like the pure and just,
When the night of death is past
We shall wake with God in that blest abode,
And our crowns before Him cast.

(*Cho.*)

113

Pass Me Not.

{ Pure Gold,
p. 25.

- 1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Cho.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief. Saviour, Saviour, &c.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace. Saviour, Saviour, &c.
- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee? Saviour, Saviour, &c.

114

Let us boldly Stand.{ Pure Gold,
p. 37.

- 1 With the eyes of our faith on the hill of the Lord,
And our strength in the arm of His might;
With the buckler and shield He commands us to wear,
Let us boldly stand up for the right.
Cho.—Pressing onward, pressing onward,
With the day-star of Hope beaming bright;
Pressing on, ever on—pressing on, ever on,
Let us boldly stand up for the right.
- 2 Let us learn of our Saviour, the lowly and meek,
For His yoke and His burden are light;
O'er the conflict of life we shall triumph at last,
If we boldly stand up for the right. (*Cho.*)
- 3 There's a morn that will dawn on the faithful and just,
And dispel ev'ry shadow of night;
There's a crown for the cross that is borne to the end,—
Let us boldly stand up for the right. (*Cho.*)

115

Stand on the Rock.{ Pure Gold,
p. 38.

- 1 Firmly stand for God in the world's mad strife,
Though the bleak winds roar and the waves beat high;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth strength and life
When the hosts of sin are nigh.

- 3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all;
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!" (Cho.)
- 4 To the work! to the work! pressing on to the end,
For the harvest will come and the reapers descend;
And the home of the Ransomed our dwelling will be,
And our chorus forever, "Salvation is free!" (Cho.)

118

Strike! Strike!{ Pure Gold,
p. 96.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Strike! oh, strike for vict'ry,
Soldiers of the Lord,
Hoping in His mercy,
Trusting in His word;
Lift the Gospel banner
High above the world;
Let its folds of beauty
Ever be unfurled.</p> <p>Cho.—Strike! strike for vict'ry,
Heroes bold;
Strike! till the vict'ry
You behold;
Strike, strike for vict'ry!
Ne'er give o'er;
Rest, then, in glory
Evermore.</p> <p>2 What though raging lions
Meet us on the way!
Zionward we're marching
Tow'rd the gate of day;</p> | <p>Ever pressing onward,
Onward to the light,
Till we reach the Jordan,
With our home in sight. (Ch.)</p> <p>3 Strike! oh, strike for vict'ry,
Heroes of the cross,
Sacrificing pleasure,
Glorying in loss:
Bind the helmet stronger,
Tighter grasp the sword;
Conquering and to conquer,
Battle for the Lord. (Cho.)</p> <p>4 Hand to hand united,
Heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching
Till our journey's done,
Till we see the angels
Come in glory down,
With the shining garments
And the victor's crown. (Ch.)</p> |
|--|---|

119

The Good Old Way.{ Pure Gold,
p. 18.

- 1 We are going forth with our staff in hand,
Through a desert wild in a stranger land;
But our faith is bright and our hope is strong,
And the Good Old Way is our pilgrim song.

Cho.—"Tis the Good Old Way by our fathers trod;
 'Tis the Way of Life, and it leadeth unto God;
 'Tis the only path to the realms of Day;
 We are going home in the Good Old Way.

- 2 There are foes without, there are foes within;
 They would turn us back to the path of sin:
 We will stop our ears to the words they say,
 While we onward press in the Good Old Way. (*Cho.*)
- 3 In the blissful hour of communion sweet,
 Let us come with joy to the Mercy-seat;
 Oh, we love to sing and we love to pray,
 And we bless the Lord for the Good Old Way. (*Cho.*)
- 4 On the brink of time when we stand at last,
 When our sun has set and our work is past,
 When we bid farewell to our mortal clay,
 We will praise the Lord for the Good Old Way. (*Cho.*)

120

The Old, Old Story.

{ Pure Gold,
 p. 106.

- 1 Tell me the old, old story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.
 CHORUS.
 Tell me the old, old story (*rep. 3 times*)
 Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful Redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon!
 The early dew of morning
 Has passed away at noon. *Cho.*
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave:
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me. (*Cho.*)
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is drawing on my soul,
 Tell me that old, old story—
 "Christ Jesus makes thee
 whole." (*Cho.*)

121

More like Jesus.{ Pure Gold,
p. 97.

1 More like Jesus would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell with me,
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below :
Poor in spirit would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 If He hears the raven's cry,—
If His ever-watchful eye [fall,
Marks the sparrows when they
Surely He will hear my call;

He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive :
Pure in heart I still would be;
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide :
Born of Him, thro' grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be;
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

122

'Twill all be over soon.{ Pure Gold,
p. 40.

What are our light afflictions here
But blessings in disguise?
They only make for us a home
Of rest beyond the skies.
Ref.—"Twill all be over soon, (*rep.*)
"Tis only for a moment here,
"Twill all be over soon.

2
What if we oft are wearied now
With burdens hard to bear?
"Twill only make the crown more
bright
When we that crown shall wear.
(*Ref.*)

3
Oh, cast thy ev'ry care on Him,
Thou weary, burdened one,
And raise to heav'n the trusting
prayer,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
(*Ref.*)

4
So, when the toil and strife shall
cease,
With Jesus thoult be blest.
Where, folded in His loving arms,
The weary be at rest. (*Ref.*)

123

Rest.{ Royal Diadem,
p. 134.

1 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus
For all who are weary of sin;
There's pardon and peace for the erring,
For those who as conquerors win.
(*Cho.*) Rest, rest, rest;
Yes! rest for the weary and sad;
There's rest on the bosom of Jesus;
He makes all the sorrowing glad.

- 2 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus,
And joy that the world cannot give;
Oh, bring all your sorrows unto Him;
Oh, trust in His mercy and live. (Cho.)
- 3 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus
When life's day of trial is past;
Oh, let us be faithful and serve Him,
That we may be worthy at last. (Cho.)
- 4 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus;
Yes, life everlasting and blest;
We'll fear not the grave, for our Saviour
Will lead us to heavenly rest. (Cho.)

124

Secret Prayer.

{ Royal Diadem,
p. 85.

There is an hour of calm relief
From ev'ry throbbing care;
'Tis when, before a throne of grace,
I kneel in secret prayer.

Ref.—Oh, that voice, to me so dear,
Breathing soft on my ear!
Weary child, look up and see;
'Tis thy Saviour speaks to thee.

2

When one by one, like threads of
The hues of twilight fall, [gold,
Oh, sweet communion with my
God,
My Saviour and my all! (Ref.)

3

I hear seraphic tones that float
Amid celestial air,
And bathe my soul in streams of
joy,
Alone in secret prayer. (Ref.)

4

Oh, when the hour of death shall
come,
How sweet from thence to rise,
With pray'r on earth my latest
breath.
My watchword to the skies!
(Ref.)

125

No Work to Do.

{ Royal Diadem,
p. 140.

1 No work to do? look up and see
The fields already white;
No longer sit with folded hands,
And waste God's precious light.

CHORUS.

Behold! the harvest draweth near;
Arouse thee from thy sleep;
For what thou sowest will appear
When thou shalt come to reap.

(Repeat last two lines.)

2 No work to do? go forth and show
To men on ev'ry side,
Who dally on the brink of death,
Thy Saviour crucified. (Cho.)

3 No work to do? redeem the time,
And make the future prove
The ardor of thy christian zeal,
The fervor of thy love. (Cho.)

126

The Church.{ Children's
Praise, p. 64.

1

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought
To be His holy Bride, [her
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth:
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest. Amen.

127

Sing to the Saviour.{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 72.

1

Come, come, sing to the Saviour;
Love, love beams from His eye;
Haste, then, share in His favor,
Worship the Saviour on high—
Worship the Saviour, (*rep.*)
Worship the Saviour on high.

2

Praise, praise, yield Him with glad-
ness;
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
Where, death, where is thy sad-
ness?
Jesus returns from the tomb—
Jesus returns, (*rep.*)
Jesus returns from the tomb.

3

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning;
Light, light, spreads from the
sky;
See, see, bright the day dawning;
Jesus is risen on high—
Jesus is risen, (*rep.*)
Jesus is risen on high.

4

Hail! hail! children, adore Him;
Here, here, anthems should ring;
There, there, dwelling before Him,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing—
Loudest hosannas, (*rep.*)
Loudest hosannas we'll sing.

128

Marching along.

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 119.

1. The children are gath'ring from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war,
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

Cho.—Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along;
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

- 2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength! be this ever our song;
With courage and faith we are marching along. (*Cho.*)
- 3 We've listed for life, and we'll camp on the field;
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along. (*Cho.*)
- 4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong
If trusting our Saviour while marching along. (*Cho.*)

129

Forward!

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 178.

Forward shall be our watchword
As weeks and months revolve,
Forward in earnest purpose,
And in each high resolve;
No recreant glances casting
On Sodom, still so near,
No wish of sloth indulging,
No thought of coward fear.

(*Rep. last two lines.*)

2

Forward in holy likeness
To Him unseen we love;
Forward in faith unyielding,
His faithfulness to prove;

Forward to meet our Master,
Whose coming draweth nigh;
Forward to reach the guerdon
Prepared for saints on high.

3

Forward in God's great Army,
Embattled foes to meet;
Forward with songs of victory
Our conq'ring Lord to greet.
Forward in ceaseless effort
For weal of all around:
Forward—yes, forward ever,
Till with Jesus we are crowned.

130

Love at Home.{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 115.

1 There is beauty all around
 When there's love at home;
 There is joy in every sound
 When there's love at home:
 Peace and plenty here abide,
 Smiling sweet on every side;
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide
 When there's love at home—
 Love at home, love at home,
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide
 When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy
 When there's love at home;
 Hate and envy ne'er annoy
 When there's love at home.
 Roses bloom 'neath our feet,
 All the earth 's a garden sweet,
 Making life a bliss complete,
 When there's love at home—
 Love at home, &c.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above
 When there's love at home;
 All the earth is filled with love
 When there's love at home.
 Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
 Brighter beams the azure sky,
 Oh, there's One that smiles on
 high,
 When there's love at home—
 Love at home, &c.

4 Jesus, make me wholly Thine,
 Then there's love at home;
 May Thy sacrifice be mine,
 Then there's love at home.
 Safely from all harm I'll rest,
 With no sinful care distressed,
 Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed
 With Thy love at home—
 Love at home, &c.

131

The Solid Rock.{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 335.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

(Rep.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the vale.

On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the 'whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

On Christ, &c.

132

Marching on.

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 348.

- 1 Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing,
Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;
Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring;
We are soldiers of Zion prepared for the war.
Marching on! marching on! marching on! marching on!
Sound the battle-cry! sound the battle-cry!
Marching on! marching on! marching on! marching on!
Shout the victory, the victory, the victory! (Rep. Cho.)
- 2 Pressing on, pressing on to the din of the fray.
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rds the foe. (Cho.)
- 3 Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain we draw ev'ry sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord. (Cho.)
- 4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come;
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown. (Cho.)

133

A Cry from Macedonia.

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 364.

- 1 There's a cry from Macedonia—"Come and help us;
The light of the gospel bring. Oh, come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring."
O ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Remember the great command—"Away!
Go ye forth and preach the Word to ev'ry creature,
Proclaim it in ev'ry land."

Cho.—They shall gather from the East,
They shall gather from the West,
With the patriarchs of old,
And the ransomed shall return
To the kingdoms of the blest,
With their harps and crowns of gold.

Full Cho.—There's a cry, &c.

- 2 Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the mountains
 The tidings of peace who bring—*Who bring*—
 To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
 And tell them of Zion's King!
 Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing;
 Go work in your Master's field—away!
 Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation;
 The Lord is your strength and shield.

Cho.—Let the distant isles be glad;
 Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
 And the news of pardon free,
 Till the knowledge of the truth
 Shall extend to all the earth,
 As the waters o'er the sea.

Full Cho.—There's a cry, &c.

- 3 Ye have 'listed in the army of the faithful;
 Like heroes, the battle fight. Away!
 There are foes on ev'ry hand that will assail you,
 Then gird on your armor bright;
 With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
 The sword of the Spirit wield. Away!
 Ye shall conquer through His mercy who hath loved you;
 The Lord is your strength and shield.

Cho.—Ye are marching to the land
 Where the saints in glory stand,
 And the just for joy shall sing
 Ye by faith may bring it nigh;
 Ye shall reach it bye and bye,
 And your shouts of triumph sing. (*Full Cho.*)

134

Strike the Harp.

{ *Bright Jewels,*
p. 7.

- 1 Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay,
 Bear the joyful tidings far away;
 Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love,
 Praise forever, praise to God above.

Cho.—"Glory, glory!" hark! the angels sing;
 "Glory, glory!" hear the echo ring.
 Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay,
 Bear the joyful tidings far away, far away,
 Bear the joyful tidings far away.

- 2 Over distant regions veiled in error's night,
See the holy dawn of Gospel light;
See the nations coming at the Saviour's call,
Coming now to crown Him Lord of all. (Cho.)
- 3 Oh, the joyful story, life to every soul!
Like a mighty ocean let it roll,
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin,
Till the world shall all be gathered in. (Cho.)

135

Song of the Lilies.

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 333.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Hark! the lilies whisper,
Tenderly and low,
"In our grace and beauty,
See how fair we grow!"
Thus our heavenly Father
Cares for all below.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field,
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?</p> <p>2 Hark! the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story
Of the love of God—
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ the Lord.
The roses, how they bloom!
The beautiful roses, how they
bloom!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?</p> | <p>3 Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet,
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices meet,
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.
They sing their Maker's praise;
The beautiful flowers, how they
sing!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?</p> <p>4 Let us, then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below:
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?</p> |
|---|---|

136

Near the Cross.

{ Bright Jewels,
p. 130.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.</p> <p>Cho.—In the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever,</p> | <p>Till my 'raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.</p> <p>2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and Mercy found me;
There the bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.</p> |
|---|---|

3

Near the cross, oh! Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*

137 *Over on the Other Side.*

Only just across the river,
 Over on the other side,
 Where the angels are in waiting,
 And the pure in heart abide;
 Where there is no pain or sorrow
 To intrude on heavenly rest,
 Only just across the river
 Stand the mansions of the blest.

Cho.—Only just across the river,
 Where the saints are passing over,
 Only just across the river,
 Over on the other side.

2

Only just across the river
 Are the friends we loved below,
 Clad in pure and spotless garments
 That are whiter than the snow:
 They have braved cold Jordan's
 billows, [alarms;
 And have passed thro' death's

138

Safe within the Vail.

1

"Land ahead!" Its fruits are waving
 O'er the hills of fadeless green,
 And the living waters laying
 Shores where heavenly forms are

CHORUS. [seen.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
 When on that eternal shore;
 Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
 I am safe within the vail.

4

Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand
 Just beyond the river.—*Cho.*

{ Bright Jewels,
 p. 62.

They are free from every sorrow,
 In the Saviour's loving arms.

3

(*Cho.*)

Only just across the river,
 Where the hills of glory shine,
 There, the pearly gates unfolding,
 Lead the soul to joy divine:
 There the tree of life is blooming,
 And the living waters glide,
 Only just across the river,
 Over on the other side. (*Cho.*)

4

Only just across the river
 Are the robes of spotless white,
 Only just across the river
 Are the crowns of glory bright;
 And the saints and angels, joining
 In the songs with one accord,
 Only just across the river,
 Sing the praises of the Lord.

(*Cho.*)

{ Bright Jewels,
 p. 133.

2

Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding;
 See the blessed wave their hands;
 Hear the harps of God resounding
 From the bright immortal bands.

3

(*Cho.*)

There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silv'ry bay,
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

(*Ch.*)

- 4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rook of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!

(Cho.)

139

We Shall Meet.

{ Song Evangel,
p. 49.

1
We shall meet beyond the river *
By-and-by, by-and-by,
And the darkness shall be over
By-and-by, by-and-by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun
By-and-by, by-and-by.

2
We shall strike the harps of glory
By-and-by, by-and-by;
We shall sing redemption's story
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the strains forevermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3
We shall see and be like Jesus
By-and-by, by-and-by,
Who a crown of life will give us
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels, who fulfil
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend, and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4
There our tears shall all cease flow-
By-and-by, by-and-by, [ing
And with sweetest rapture know-
By-and-by, by-and-by, [ing,
All the blest ones who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoice
By-and-by, by-and-by.

140

Sound the Battle-Cry.

{ Song Evangel,
p. 58.

1 Sound the battle-cry!
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord:
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm ev'ry one,
Rest your cause upon
His holy Word.

Cho.—Rouse, then, soldiers!
Rally round the banner!
Ready, steady, pass the
Word along;

Onward, forward, shout
Aloud Hosanna!
Christ is Captain of
The mighty throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.—Cho.

3 O Thou God of all!
Hear us when we call;
Help us, one and all,
By Thy grace:

When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.—*Cho.*

141

Beautiful River.

{ Song Evangel,
p. 63.

1
Shall we gather at the river [trod,
Where bright angel-feet have
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day. (*Cho.*)

'3

On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,

We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 (*Cho.*)

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

5 (*Cho.*)

At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never
sever,

Lift their songs of saving grace.

6 (*Cho.*)

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. (*Ch.*)

142

Work, for the Night is Coming.

{ Song Evangel,
p. 76.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows bright—
Work in the glowing sun; [er,
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2

Work, for the night is coming;
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Best comes sure and soon:

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3

Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies; [ing,
While their bright tints are glow-
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

143

Battling for the Lord.

{ Song Evangel,
p. 30.

1
We've listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life our guiding star,
Battling for the Lord!

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes (3 times)
And then we'll rest at home.

2
We've girded on our armor bright,
Battling for the Lord!
Our Captain's word our strength
and might,
Battling for the Lord!

(Cho.)

3
We'll stand like heroes on the field
Battling for the Lord!
And in His strength we'll never
yield,
Battling for the Lord! (Cho.)

4
Tho' sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord! [foes,
Thro' grace we'll conquer all our
Battling for the Lord! (Cho.)

5
And when our glorious war is o'er,
Conqu'rors thro' the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Conqu'rors thro' the Lord!

(Cho.)

144

Even Me.

{ Song Evangel,
p. 32.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,—
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me, even me,—
Let some droppings fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,— Even me, &c.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me,— Even me, &c.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,— Even me, &c.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless—
 Magnify it all in me,— Even me, &c.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh! bless me,— Even me, &c.

145

The Golden Harvest.{ Song Evangel,
p. 89.

1
 Waiting is the golden harvest,
 Waiting is the golden grain,
 While the Master calls for reapers
 From the hill-side and the plain.

Refrain.

Who is willing? who is ready?
 Who will go and work to-day?
 See the golden harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?

2

Truly is the harvest plenteous,
 But the laborers are few;

Pray ye that the Lord of harvest
 Send forth workmen tried and
 true. (Ref.)

3

Will the Master hold us guiltless
 If the work be left undone?
 If, for lack of labor, perish
 Precious souls we might have
 won? (Ref.)

4

Haste, oh! hasten, willing workers;
 Swiftly speed the hours away:
 Harken to the Master's warning,
 "Work ye while 'tis called to-
 day." (Ref.)

146

Yield not to Temptation.{ Gospel Songs,
p. 12.

1 Yield not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin;
 Each vict'ry will help us
 Some other to win:
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
 He is willing to aid you,
 He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in rev'rence,
 Nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true;
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.
 (Cho.)

3 To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown;
 Thro' faith we shall conquer,
 Tho' often cast down:

He who is our Saviour
Our strength will renew;

Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
(*Cho.*)

147

Aid.

{ Gospel Songs,
p. 21.

- 1 Father, to Thee I come,
Owning how weak I am;
Grant Thy sustaining arm,
Lead me, I pray.
- 2 More of Thy love I'd have,
Nearer to Thee would live,
Earnest heart-service give
Day after day.
- 3 In the straight, narrow path
Thou bid'st me walk by faith;

Oh, grant the grace that hath
Aided alway.

- 4 When I shall tempted be,
Nothing but clouds can see,
Strengthen my trust in Thee,
Let me not stray.

- 5 When comes that final night,
Ere faith is changed to sight,
Be Thou the perfect light
Leading to day.

148

Let the lower Lights be Burning.

{ Gospel Songs,
p. 35.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His light-house evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
CHORUS.

Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling sea-
man
You may rescue, you may save.

2

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore.

3

(*Cho.*)

Trim your feeble light, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest-toss'd,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost.* (*Ch.*)

149

Over There.

{ Gospel Songs,
p. 48.

- 1 Oh, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Cho.—Over there, over there, over there,

Oh, think of a home over there, over there!

(*Rep. last two lines.*)

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air
 In their home in the palace of God. (Cho.)
- 3 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart over there
 Are watching and waiting for me. (Cho.)

150

Lead Thou Me.{ Gospel Songs,
p. 58.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1</p> <p>Tho' the way be sometimes dreary,
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>Tho' the heart be sometimes weary,
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>Tho' a host encamp before me,
 Fearless will I be;</p> <p>With thy banner floating o'er me,
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>2</p> <p>Thro' the valley dark and lonely,
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>Give me then Thy presence only—
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> | <p>When I hear the billows roaring,
 Bid the shadows flee;
 Then my fainting soul restoring,
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>3</p> <p>Sins oppose and fears alarm me;
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>Led by Thee there's naught can
 harm me;
 Father, lead Thou me!</p> <p>By Thy mighty power surrounded,
 Trusting all to Thee,
 Let me never be confounded;
 Father, lead Thou me.</p> |
|--|---|

151

The Evergreen Shore.{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 76.

- 1 We are joyously voyaging over the main,
 Bound for the evergreen shore,
 Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
 And never see death any more.
- Cho.—Then let the hurricane roar, It will the sooner be o'er;
 We will weather the blast, And will land at last
 Safe on the evergreen shore.
- 2 We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,
 Under our Saviour's command;
 And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave,
 For Jesus will bring us to land. (Cho.)

- 3 Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle His skill:
And His voice, when the thundering hurricane rols,
Can make the loud tempest be still. (Cho.)
- 4 In the thick\murky night, when the stars and the moon
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away. (Cho.)
- 5 Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave
Fearfully overhead break;
There is One by our side that can comfort and save,
There's One who will never forsake. (Cho.)
- 6 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal,
Sink to be seen nevermore,
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore. (Cho.)

152

I Love to Tell the Story.

{ Gospel Songs,
p. 42.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love:
I love to tell the story
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.
<i>Cho.</i>—I love to tell the story;
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love. 2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee. (<i>Cho.</i>) | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell
it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.
(<i>Cho.</i>) 4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
(<i>Cho.</i>) |
|--|--|

153

My Prayer.{ Gospel Songs,
p. 25.

- 1 More holiness give me,
More strivings within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care,
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.
- 2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord,
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word,

- More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.
- 3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome,
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, *like Thee*.

154

Rhine.{ Gospel Songs,
p. 54.

- 1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an
end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
(*Rep. last line.*)
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!

- In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 Thy walls are made of precious
stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of Orient pearl;
O God! if I were there.

155

Petition.{ Bright Jewels,
p. 123.

- 1 Saviour, listen to our prayer,
Poor and sinful tho' we are;
Guilt confessing, give thy blessing,
Grant Thy loving care.
- CHORUS.
O God our Father, Christ our King,
Now to Thee our hearts we bring;
Keep them ever, Blessed Saviour,
Till in heaven Thy love we sing.

- 2 Strength is Thine; we often stray
From the pure and holy way;
Wilt Thou guide us, walk beside us,
Nearer every day?—*Cho.*
- 3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with Thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning, heaven winning,
Praising evermore!—*Cho.*

Doxology.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Infant Department.

156

Never be Afraid.

{ Bradbury Trio,
p. 272.

- 1 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus;
Think how much a word can do:
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.

Cho.—Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never!
Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.

- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In His vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay. (*Cho.*)
- 3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all. (*Cho.*)
- 4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on His care depend,
Safely shall you pass through ev'ry trial,
He will bring you to the end. (*Cho.*)
- 5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He—the Life, the Truth, the Way—
Gently in His arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day. (*Cho.*)

157

Each One has a Mission.

{ Prize,
p. 96.

- 1 Each one has a mission, some work to do;
Oh, the glad fruition if we are true!
Bright shall be the pathway, hearts full of joy,
If working for the Master be our employ.

- 2 Little deeds of kindness, sweet words of love,
Helping on each other to Heaven above,
Smiling on the weary, aiding the weak,—
All these are little missions our hearts may seek.
- 3 We can love each other with youthful zest,
We can love the Saviour, dearest and best;
Oh, the work is plenty children may do;
Then let us all be earnest, faithful, and true.

158

All the Way.

{ Fresh Laurels,
p. 48.

- 1 I'm but a youthful pilgrim,
My journey 's just begun;
They say I'll meet with sorrow
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of trouble,
And trials too, they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way. (*Rep. last two lines.*)
- 2 Then like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
And lay at Jesus' feet:

He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way. (Cho.)

- 3 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near;
Not even death can harm me!
When death I meet one day,
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way. (Cho.)

159

The Golden Rule.

{ Songs for Little
Folks, p. 62.

- 1 Never lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view:
Do for others as you would
They should do to you.
Kindly, gently,
In their burden bear a part;
Meekly chiding
With a loving heart.
Cho.—Repeat first four lines.
- 2 Help the feeble ones along,
Cheer the faint and weak,
To the sorrow-laden heart
Words of comfort speak.

Freely, freely,
From the bounty of your store,
Cheerful givers,
Help the humble poor. (Cho.)

- 3 Love the Lord, the first command,
With thy soul and mind;
Love thy neighbor as thyself,
Both in one combined.
Justly, justly,
With each other strive to live;
Ever ready,
Willing to forgive. (Cho.)

160

Little Child's Belief.

{ Songs for Little
Folks, p. 52.

- 1 I believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun;
All that we have each day
By Him, by Him is given;
We call Him when we pray,
"Our Father in the heaven."
- 2 I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's "only Son,"
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one:

- He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died;
And now we call Him "Saviour,"
And "Christ the crucified."
- 3 I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And, if we do not grieve It,
It will ne'er go away:
From heaven, upon Jesus,
It descended like a dove;
And It dwelleth ever with us
To fill our hearts with love.

161

Little Children, Come.

{ Songs for Little
Folks, p. 57.

- 1
Little children, come to Jesus;
Hear Him saying, "Come to Me!"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us
Shed His blood on Calvary!
Little souls were made to serve Him,
All His holy law fulfil;
Little hearts were made to love Him,
Little hands to do His will.

- 2
Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing His praises,
Little feet to walk His ways;
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays.

Cho.—Rep. first four lines.

(Cho.)

162

Something for Children to Do.

{ Songs for Little
Folks, p. 53.

- 1 There is something on earth for the children to do,
For the child that is striving to be
Like the One who once murmured in accents of love,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- Full Cho.*—There is something to do, there is something to do,
There is something for children to do;
On the beautiful earth where the Saviour had birth
There is something for children to do.
- 2 There are sweet winning words to the weary and sad,
By their glad, loving lips to be said;

There are hearts that are waiting by some little hand
Unto Jesus, the Lord, to be led. *(Full Cho.)*

- 3 There are lessons to learn both at home and at school,
There are battles to fight for the right,
There's a watch to be kept over temper and tongue,
And God's help to be asked day and night. *(Full Cho.)*
- 4 There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be done,
Gentle words to be dropped by the way;
For the child that is seeking to follow the Lord
There is something to do every day. *(Full Cho.)*

163*We are Coming.*

*{ Songs for Little
Folks, p. 107.*

1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear Thy gentle voice;
We would be Thine forever,
And in Thy love rejoice.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour;
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear Thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—

A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

164*Christmas Hymn.*

*{ Songs for Little
Folks, p. 117.*

Little children, sweetly sing
On this birth-day of our King;
Now a joyous anthem raise
In glad notes of grateful praise.

CHORUS.

Let your joyful notes arise,
Join the chorus of the skies.

(Rep. both lines.)

2

See, He leaves His Father's throne,
Lays aside His starry crown,
And, to save the sons of men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.—*Cho.*

3

Hark! a new song rends the sky—
“Glory be to God on high!
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!”

(Cho.)

4

Children, catch the wondrous sound,
Let it peal the earth around,
Till all nations, tribes, and men,
Love the Babe of Bethlehem.

(Cho.)

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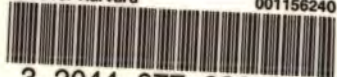
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heaven	116	71	To the wander'g and the weary.	103	44
Onward! Christian soldiers	69	47	To the work! to the work!	117	71
Over the river! oh, what is			To thy pastures, fair and large.	58	41
there?	88	56	Waiting is the golden harvest.	145	86
Pass me not, O gentle Sa-			Watch, for the time is short....	102	64
viour	113	69	Watchman! tell us of the night	1	6
Peaceful the morning, qui-			We are coming, blessed Saviour	163	94
et the day	76	50	We are going forth w'h our staff	119	72
"Peace upon earth!"	22	21	We are joyously voyaging	151	88
Rock of Ages! cleft for me.	61	42	We are marching on to glory	104	65
Ring, merry, merry bells!.	10	13	We are marching onward	85	54
Ring, ring the bells over			We are marching on with shield	97	61
ocean and shore	44	34	We shall meet beyond the river.	139	83
Ring the bells of heaven!..	90	57	We three kings of Orient are ..	47	35
Ring the bells, the Christ-			We've listed in a holy war	143	85
mas bells	21	20	We will carol joyfully	34	28
Safely thro' another week..	52	38	What are our light afflictions..	122	74
Saviour, like a shepherd ...	55	40	Where the youthful son of Jesse	25	22
Saviour, listen to our prayer	155	90	While shepherds watched	5	9
Say, little soldiers, who fight	87	55	Who is He in yonder stall	82	53
See the golden sunlight....	98	59	"Whosoever heareth," shout ..	74	49
			With the eyes of our faith	114	70
			Work, for the night is coming.	143	84
			Ye Christian heroes	58	40
			Ye happy bells of Easter-day ..	40	41
			Yield not to temptation	148	85
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